

VOLUME V.

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UNPREJUDICED.

Mrs. Newgold: THIS, AUNT EUNICE IS A REAL OLD MASTER.

Aunt Eunice: WELL, I SHOULDN'T CARE IF IT WAS; IT'S JUST AS GOOD AS SOME O' THE NEW ONES.



VOL. V.

JAN. 8TH, 1885.

NO. 106.

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WELL, the people of New York City have every reason to be thankful that 1884 is over and that the prospect for 1885 is so bright.

Corruption seemed on the ascendant, but thanks to the energy of the people, it has received the first of a series of blows which bid fair to make it a thing of the past.

And now that we have had our experience there is no reason that we should not profit thereby, and if we can only keep our Blaines and Edsons where they belong we need have no fear for the future.

This naturally brings up the question as to where our Blaines and Edsons belong.

* * *

M R. BLAINE should be placed just where the eye of vigilance may ever be on him. He is unmistakably a smart man and if the people of this country flatter themselves that he has retired to the privacy of a political corpse they are very much mistaken.

To quote from a source which is considered a breach of etiquette to refer to :

" Things are seldom what they seem
Skim-milk masquerades as cream."

Mr. Blaine is one of these things!
He needs watching.

* * *

A S for Mr. Edson, he is such an insignificant mortal, so altogether small and unworthy that the place for him is the obscurest kind of obscurity. Let him seek his natural level and he cannot be found with a microscope.

* * *

W E have hitherto kept our own counsel in regard to the treaties with Spain and Nicaragua which have occupied so much of the public's attention during the few weeks past. Now, however, when it seems probable that the Senate will either reject or ratify them, we feel that we must speak. We have consulted with "our own Evarts" on the subject, and we feel it due him that we should state that whatever of

forceability and succinctness the following remarks may have are entirely owing to his forcible and succinct exposition of the situation to us.

In the main, we consider reciprocity a good thing—especially if it reciprocates in equi-rotation when regarded in the abstract. But if the distributive influences now at work should disintegrate the relative positions of the international regulations concerning the tariff, then our views tend to the contrary.

Furthermore and we may say finally, we would state that, if the conjunctuary transpositions of the inter-oceanic negotiations shall by chance—or otherwise—juxtapose to our disadvantage, generally speaking, we think the relinquishment of the impost upon sorghum a highly revolutionary measure, and therefore entirely beyond the possibility of our commendation.

What the people want is lucidity!

* * *

M R. SUNSET COX, we are informed, has accused us of perpetrating a Graeco-Roman play, entitled the BUNTING BALL, and we have been deluged with inquiries concerning it until we feel compelled to make the following statement :

If we wrote the play, we have not yet discovered the fact. We may have done so in one of our daily fits of temporary insanity, but up to the time of going to press we have been unable to procure any evidence on the subject which would be admissible in a court of law.

On the other hand if we didn't write the book we are equally in the dark as to the exact time and place, when and where we did not do so. And finally not having seen the book as yet, how can we be expected to know whether or not it emanated from our pen?

It may be one of the Series on Political Economy which we dashed off last week in our leisure moments. Perhaps it was the ten volume work on Theology which went through its first edition in twenty-four hours and written on the Tuesday of the preceding week.

Perhaps, again, it was any one of the thousands of little satires which it is our wont to throw off every few moments as relaxation from our heavy editorial duties.

We cannot say! It may be any one or none of these! We may be a famous author and again we may not be. Until some kind friend sends us a copy of the Romo-Græcan satire we must grove in utter darkness on the subject.

Perhaps Mr. Cox could throw the light of a Congressional investigation on the matter.

Meanwhile, while the anonymity of the book continues to anonym we will reciprocate the Congressman's attentions.

We guess Mr. Sunset Cox wrote it!



A STEP UPWARD.

THE NEWEST THING.

WE FEEL IT A DUTY TO KEEP OUR READERS INFORMED OF SUCH DOINGS OF THE *beau monde* AS SHOW ANY ADVANCE TOWARD A HIGHER CIVILIZATION.

"I CARE NOT, FORTUNE."

Sae viat atque moveat fortuna tumultus;
Quantum hinc imminuet.—Horace.

IF Fortune smiles on me to-day
And woes me in her gentle way,
Begone dull care and sorrow!
I'll hob and nob in royal ease
And drain my goblet to the lees—
What care I for the morrow?

If wanton Fate should push away
The gadabout, why bid her stay?
I'd grieve not—no, nor sorrow.
The skies may frown, the sun may shine,
I puff my pipe and sip my wine,
If deep in debt, I borrow. H. V. S.

THE COMET AND THE ANIMALS.

A NUMBER of animals were discussing a large new comet that had appeared in the sky, and various opinions were expressed as to the probable nature and constitution of the heavenly visitant. The Bear thought it was a bee-tree, and gave elaborate reasons for his opinion. The Rabbit was equally sure that it was a cabbage patch. The Mule had not fully made up his mind, but was inclined to the opinion that it was a stack of hay. The Fox thought it was a flock of geese. The Goat was willing to bet ten cents that it was a nice, tender basket. The Ass was convinced that it was a clover lot, with the gap. A heated discussion followed, the animals became very angry, and some of them forgot the mild requirements of civility and good breeding.

MORAL:—This Fable teaches that a great deal depends on "the point of view."



THE *Tribune* tells of an infant in Pennsylvania whose name is George Winfield Scott Hancock Garfield Patterson Hendricks Cleveland Yerks.

Just think how he'll be torn internally when those names begin to work up his politics for him!

* * *

WE advise our English cousins to recall the illustrious Lord Wolseley from Africa to look after any stray fishing poles and bottles of tomato catsup which may strike terror to the Saxon heart.

To be blown up by a fishpole or annihilated by the machinations of a bottle of catsup is indeed terrible to contemplate.

* * *

THE latest achievement of the burglariously inclined members of the community is the stealing of a Bridge Policeman.

The citizens of New York and Brooklyn will wake some fine morning to find the Bridge gone.

* * *

M. R. R. P. FLOWER, it is said, has still a pronounced desire to bloom in the White House.

We suggest that horticulture flourishes more generally in greenhouses.

* * *

A MAN named Ross has been arrested for smuggling butter across the Niagara into Canada.

This seems to be a blow at the institution of buttering one's bread on both sides.

* * *

TWO South American republics are reported in arms. This is not surprising, as most of the S. A. republics are still in their infancy.

* * *

S. T. JOHN need not feel hurt at his defeat.

Two Mormon apostles have been sent to jail in Switzerland.

* * *

A VERY suggestive typographical error was that of a morning contemporary, which spoke of a certain blind pool as a "Blind Fool in Cotton."

* * *

A MAN out West was "shot dead for fifty cents."

This may be considered fun in Kansas, but it is difficult to see just where the humorously comes in, or what the dead man wanted with the fifty cents, especially since a popular local poet has stated that "there is no pocket in the shroud."

* * *

THE fact that President Arthur has lately appeared in public in a new hat is regarded by Mr. Blaine's friends as positive proof that his excellency was a traitor to his party and bet against it.

A REPLY.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL, noticing the preponderance of women over men at a recent church fair in New York, said: "As I passed through your beautiful fair, from table to table, I was particularly struck with the great number of beautiful unmarried young ladies I was introduced to. Where are the men? What can they be thinking about?"

They are thinking, Mgr., of the prices one usually has to pay for articles obtained at church fairs, and are correspondingly wise.

YES, son, we call that kind of a hat a stove-pipe, because it soots our clothes and makes such a draft—on our pockets.

AN old-fashioned fire-place—Hell.



THE APPETITE FOR CONDENSED FICTION.

HERE seems to be an unusual demand for short stories. Several syndicates are furnishing them to the best newspapers throughout the country. The Scribners have found their small volumes of "Stories by American Authors" very successful, and a number of well-known novelists have been encouraged to collect their fugitive pieces into books. And, indeed, what is more entertaining than a well constructed, and well written short tale? There is opportunity for intensity of effect, sustained fancy, and rapid, dramatic action, such as few writers have the power to infuse throughout the bulk of a long novel. Hawthorne, Poe and Saxe-Holm have showed that the highest literary art is not wasted in this form of expression. (Nothing in this paragraph must be construed as an implied eulogy of Mr. Fawcett's "Social Silly-hits." We are not sure, however, that even these are not blessings in disguise. Let the dear public imagine what it might have suffered if Mr. Fawcett had chosen to inflate each of his attenuated sketches into a fully-developed novel!)

* * *

ONE of the best of these volumes of collected stories is "Tompkins and Other Folks," by P. Deming. The work which this writer has done for the *Atlantic* has attracted considerable attention, and deservedly. The stories are all on one key, but they are not, for that reason, monotonous. They deal with the simple, homely life of common people in the Adirondacks and along the Hudson. But the deeper currents of that life are sounded. The undertone of almost all these sketches is unassuming and unchanging love—love that glorifies the humblest life. Humor and pathos chase each other across these pages like sunshine and shadow across a field of grain. The stories do not, however, exhibit to any great degree that constructive ability which would make a novel successful. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

DROCH.

HIS HONEYMOON.

MONDAY, DEC. 15TH.—I was married yesterday to Dolly. We had a grand display—flowers from Klunder, supper from Pinard, and no end of wedding presents. I slipped old Tollemache's check for \$5,000 into my pocket and I will cash it this afternoon. I need the money badly, as I have pretty well used up the \$500 I borrowed to get married on. Dolly looked lovely in her wedding dress. It is n't paid for, but Tollemache says he will fail next month, so it does n't matter. I hope he will fail as soon as possible, as he is always flush after a failure. After the reception we bade everybody good-bye and started for Washington, amid a shower of rice and old shoes. One of Tollemache's shoes hit a little beggar girl and I guess she's hurt, as I saw them carry her away.

We did n't get any further towards Washington than the Cosmopolitan Hotel, where we are now. Dolly says it do n't matter, as her set never come so far down town. We shall move into our flat inside of two days. It's on 90th street near Fourth avenue. Only \$30 a month; but Dolly thinks it's cost \$100 a month, so it's all right.

TUESDAY, DEC. 16TH.—I tried to cash the check yesterday, and the cashier of the bank said that Tollemache had no account there. Guess I'm left on that. I've written to the old man to send the silver up to the flat. If it comes to the worst I can pawn some of it. I shall move to the flat this afternoon, as the hotel bill is mounting up and I have only \$30 left. Dolly insists on ordering the most expensive dishes. I wanted her to take a trip on the Elevated Road to High Bridge, but she would n't go for fear some of her acquaintances might see her. I have hired a girl for the flat (a big, strong thing—the girl, not the flat); her name is Maria. She is to do all the housework, as Dolly has been reared so delicately that she do n't know how to do anything at all. My darling is very artistic; she does the loveliest things in colored worsteds, and paints on plaques.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17TH.—Here we are in the flat. Things are rather mixed up just yet. There are no sheets on the bed. (Mem.—Must order some.) Had a rather plain breakfast this morning. Fried eggs, toast and tea; nothing in the house yet. Wedding presents came up; only plated ware left. Note from old Tollemache saying he had hired the solid silver for the occasion; left again! Dolly read a novel and I went out for a walk.

Met Jones—congratulated me. Do n't think he was serious. Came back to lunch—eggs and toast again. Dolly won't go out until she has been a week "in Washington." Went down to shop and told them I would be back to work on Monday. Meant to stay away longer, but must have money. Went back to dinner. No dinner. Cook drunk. Smashed stove. Dolly locked in her room, crying. Sent for policeman and gave him fifty cents to take cook away. Dolly and I got dinner at restaurant. Lit a fire in the stove and passed evening at home. Dolly fell asleep in chair. Shaved myself and cut a big gash in my chin.

THURSDAY, DEC. 18TH.—Got up at nine o'clock and lighted fire in stove. Went out three times and filled house with

smoke. Forgot to turn dampers on. People came from other flats and asked if we were on fire. Dolly got up at ten. Asked her to cook breakfast while I set the table. Refused; said she was not brought up to be a servant. Told her that her father had carried a hod—true—had it from his old boss. She cried again. Boiled eggs and toast. Dolly read novel. I went for a walk in the park—visited museum—saw chimpanzee; wished I was chimpanzee—no trouble, no expense, everything prepared for you.

FRIDAY, DEC. 19TH.—Asked Dolly to go after another girl. Refused, said she was afraid. Went myself—hired stout colored woman. Sent her home. Took lunch down town. Came back to dinner. No dinner. Colored woman stayed two hours and ran away with all the table-ware. Got dinner at restaurant. Dolly says she is sick. Took her home. Old man mad—says she can only stay till Monday. Advertised flat to rent, furnished. Went out to see the boys and make a night of it. Forget the rest.

SATURDAY, DEC. 20TH.—Slept in Police station. Taken to Jefferson Market Police Court. Justice Duffy said I had behaved very badly—fined \$10. Told him I was married on Monday and was celebrating. Fine reduced to \$5. Here I am in the "cooler." Only got \$2, so I'll have to stay until Monday; wish I hadn't got married; wish I was dead. Glad I'll be out in time to go to work. Guess I'll leave Dolly with old man for a month, then I'll try boarding. Don't think I was meant for a married man.

W. R. BENJAMIN.



A NOCTURNE.—TIME 4 A. M.

Apothecary: WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT, WHAT IS IT?
Traveller: MR. KARR, I'M IN A HURRY.
Apothecary (furious): MISSED A CAR! WHAT IN THUNDER DO YOU COME TO TELL ME ABOUT IT FOR? DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO STAND STILL AND WAIT FOR THE NEXT ONE?

AN AMBIGUOUS POLITICIAN.

BY F. MARRY 'EM CRAWFISH.

CHAPTER III.

JOSEPHINE ROSE was in rather a distressing situation. She knew that she loved John Gassington, but she was unable to tell whether he loved her in return. His language, when he spoke to her, was so ambiguous as to leave her wholly in doubt, but she feared—nay, she was almost certain that she had no place in his heart. A very harsh criticism of his political opinions had appeared in a morning journal, and she had taken the pains to ferret out its author.

"Peacock Pancover," she informed John, "is the man who wrote that attack against you. Do you not hate him for it?"

"I have no time to indulge my emotions," replied he, apologetically. "The man who enters on a political career must devote himself to it as wholly as the Buddhist ascetic gives himself to the work of uniting his individual intelligence with the immortal spirit that gives it life."

"Have you not time to love, either?" asked Joe.

"Love is not in my political vocabulary," John answered her, "and I hope soon to eliminate from it the words Bribery, Extortion, and Corruption."

Alone in her room, Joe thought over their conversation, and although she was certain that he would be a great man, still, his words did not seem to bring to her breaking heart that strengthening balm she so intensely longed for. Tears sprung unbidden to her eyes but she bravely forced them back, and got out the illustrated dictionary to see what the "individual intelligence" of a "Buddhist ascetic" looked like.

Her cousin, Donald Sirbritain, to whom she had been betrothed since childhood, came over from England to be near her. When he found that Joe loved him no longer, with cheerful alacrity he transferred his blighted affections to Stella Crandon.

At this juncture, John Gassington ran for United States Senator, but was badly beaten. When Joe heard the news, she seized a pen, and through a blinding mist of tears, wrote him a note of condolence, in which she almost proposed to him. His answer, by return mail, contained the germs of greatness, but it might have meant nothing, or it might have meant a great deal—or both—or perhaps, neither—or all four. It was very much like his remarks. To most people there was nothing new in his conversation, his ideas were visionary and his tone pharisaical, and altogether his sentences sounded very much like extracts from the President's annual message to Congress, or sections of one of Carl Schurz's speeches.

A few nights later they met at a ball, and after their usual manner, Joe made fun of Boston and the Bostonians, and John pronounced his pompous political phrases with as much egotism and enthusiasm as ever.

"How many *débutantes* there seem to be," he said to her, as they sat in a quiet, dimly-lit corner, far from the dancers. "You know we always call them 'rosebuds' in Boston."

"I think 'prim-rosebuds' would be more explicit," she answered. "They are all so stiff. Are you not dreadfully disappointed at your defeat?"

"Perhaps," he said, somewhat bitterly, "but I will soon forget it all, because I am going away."



I WILL SOON FORGET IT. I AM GOING AWAY.

"Going away?" said Joe, quickly.

"Well," replied John, "I should n't be surprised if I did. I intend to trample beneath my free-born feet the badges of party bondage, the ignoble chains of party slavery, the wretched hopes of party preferment, and buy a Cook's Tourist ticket for England."

As he spoke, he turned to look at her, but she had averted her face. He could see that her delicate skin was pale, and he noticed the throb of her beautiful throat; even as he watched her a tear stole slowly from under her trembling lids and trickling downward, dripped silently from the end of her nose. But still she looked away.

"I am not equal to the strain," she said in a whisper, as if to herself.

"Equality," remarked the tender and sympathetic John, "is equity. When I say that all men are born equal, I mean by it that all men are born with an equal claim to a share in all the essential rights of free citizenship. When a man demands more than that he is infringing on the rights of others; when he is content with less he is allowing himself to be robbed. But, as I said before, I am going away, so, good-bye."

"Good-bye," replied Joe, and her voice faltered a little as she tried to repress the tears which came in a quick, hot gush.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE men were sitting in council in a certain room in Conduit Street, London. They leaned back in their easy chairs with cigars in their mouths, very much after the manner of ordinary individuals, and yet these three men

were conspirators and unseen factors in the great political movements of the United States. They initiated important political measures, ordained peace, war or neutrality, and turned the scale of their country's future with their silent force. They altered constitutions and charters, and elected or defeated presidential candidates. It is unnecessary to add that they were all three clergymen, and all their names began with B.

John Gassington—the bold, independent, free-willed John, was one of their puppets. He was demonstrative or silent, active or passive according to their bidding, but he was always ambiguous. This, without doubt, entirely destroys your respect for John and the *morals* that you were to draw from his character. Why, then, did I weaken my story by dragging in these busy B's? Simply because I am fond of a little hocus-pocus, and with this explanation I dismiss the mystic three.

A change had come over Boston since John Gassington had parted from Josephine Thorn. Spring had given way to summer, and poor Joe, pale and thin, had been sitting patiently waiting and fanning off flies, during the long, lonely days. She had been trying to make up her mind to take advantage of Leap-year and propose to him if he ever should return. She was certain that *he* would never pop the question and she determined to learn her fate at all costs. Meanwhile, she wept copiously in her solitude.

Donald Sirbritain was to marry Stella Crandon, and one August morning Joe found herself at Newport clad in a bridesmaid's dress.



"MR. PRESIDENT."

The wedding went off brilliantly, although the day was frightfully hot and the dust was terrific, and, oh! joy of joys! John Gassington was there.

After some trouble, Joe decoyed him into an old summer-house at the end of the garden, and they adopted their former conversational tactics. Joe said that Boston was common, especially its principal public square, and that there was no happiness in this world like getting married and receiving seven cake-baskets and twelve duplicate pickle forks

among your presents, to begin housekeeping with. It was only necessary for John to remark that "culture was conscience, because conscience means the exercise of honest judgment, and ignorant people can form no honest judgment," to have Joe burst into tears and turn her exquisite face from his. As a last resort, she fainted and fell into his arms, and John, forgetting that ambiguity which had done him such good service in his political career, was carried away by the situation and murmured—"I love you," which was the first really satisfactory sentence that Joe had ever heard him utter.

What is necessary to complete the story? Of course, they were married, and as soon as he was rich enough to have a capitalized interest to protect, John bought his way into the Senate.

The next autumn the country passed through the most intensely exciting election ever known in its history. The friends of both the Democratic and Republican candidates claimed the victory by a microscopic majority. Congress was in session, and John had resolved to make the greatest speech of his life. For this purpose he had diligently studied the Patent Office Reports and Mrs. Hayes's cook-book.

Joe sat in the gallery of the Senate, and when John rose to his feet it was so quiet that a pin, which she carelessly dropped, crashed to the floor with a clang that reverberated to the dome of the Capitol.

"MR. PRESIDENT," John began, "in the present contest, political passion has been roused to the fiercest pitch by the antagonism of parties, but the result shows that he is undoubtedly elected—"

At this moment a Senator interrupted him to read a despatch. It ran:

"Official.—According to Associated Press reports, New York is Democratic by 1,241 plurality. Jay Gould has telegraphed his congratulations to the President-elect."

And once again John was thankful that he had been ambiguous.

CARLSBAD.

OPERA.

WHAT with Mr. High-Private Mapleson at the Academy, and Hair Damrosch, as he is most appropriately termed, at the Metropolitan Opera House, the air is loaded with music, although it is to be doubted if the music is as heavily laden with airs.

The German opera may be set down as the most successful, as it is more novel in New York, and New Yorkers are fonder of anything that is spick and span, than if it had grown gray in the service, as have most of Mr. Mapleson's operas.

Furthermore, the Metropolitan is big, the company is big, the expense is big—all bigger than the poor little Italian affair in Fourteenth Street, and if there is one thing the American public do dote on, it is something big. Just wait until some one builds a roof over the Central Park, and gives there a new opera written in Russian, with a troupe of Siberian exiles. Then will Mr. Mapleson have his revenge, and Hair Damrosch will go down into obscurity.



THERE'S MUSIC IN

LIFE.



MUSIC IN THE AIR.

SONGS THAT HAVE MOVED NATIONS.



For instance, no mention is made of the moving effect of *Pinafore* upon the lovers and haters of music alike of this present day. We feel confident that were nations and continents movable in this age there can be no reasonable doubt that they would get up and move at the sound of the inspiring strains of Gilbert and Sullivan's first attempt.

Then there is "Sweet Violets." Of this it may truly be said that it does n't move a nation all at once but it does much to disintegrate the nation bit by bit until the movement will be the thing of a moment. If under the principle of Louis XIV. that the state is the individual and *vice versa*, man may regard himself as a two-footed nation, then Sweet Violets certainly deserves mention, for it has came under our own personal observation that at least two dozen able-bodied nations have taken to their heels upon hearing the melodious measures of this song doled out by an Italian crank.

"Let Me Dream Again," as a cornet solo, has caused many an exodus from populous boarding houses having unusual attractions in the shape of souvenirs neatly served with *entrees* and exceedingly mature butter. And when a song can contend against such odds is it not strange that all mention of it should have been omitted from the article in question?

"Silver Threads" and "Bottle's Empty" have moved countless thousands to bloody deeds, and a melodious tune sung soft and low by some unhappy cat, equally soft and equally low, hidden darkly in the cloak of night, has moved such inanimate objects as boot-jacks, soap and other articles of *virtu* from their accustomed places and caused them to fly forth into the starry night, not to stop until they have quieted the tuneful muser.

And yet they are totally ignored!

We venture to ask why this is thus and to enter a plea in behalf of these ancient and honorable tunes which have now reached the age when they are unable to fight their own battles.

ARE conductors subject to horse-car buncles.

NDER the above heading has been written an entertaining article, mainly statistical, concerning many of our popular hymns and National Ballads. The writer of the article seems to have been a very well informed person and in view of this fact it is perhaps surprising that many of our most moving songs have been omitted.

THE EDUCATED MISS.

I.

SHE'S a dainty little maiden
With artistic graces laden,
Quite aware of her attractions and rejoicing in her teens;
She parades with ostentation
All her Vassar education,
With a reminiscent flavoring of culture and of beans.

II.

With suggestions by the legion,
She can scale the airy region
Where the transcendental fantasies in gay disorder float;
With a langour rare and queenly,
She can voyage most serenely
Through the hazy sublimation of the misty and remote.

III.

She can read the rocky pages
Of the geologic ages
When the mighty megatherium was sleeping in its lair;
With features bright and smiling
She is often most beguiling
With medieval narratives of knight and "ladye faire."

IV.

She is often entertaining
When most learnedly explaining
How the philosophic systems in a measure disagree.
She is posted in quadratics,
And the higher mathematics,
And can ask you for the butter in the language of "*Paree*."

V.

She's an educated daisy,
And could run a fellow crazy
With a stock of information too enormous to rehearse;
She brought away from college
Such immeasurable knowledge
Of the correlated members of the whizzing universe.

VI.

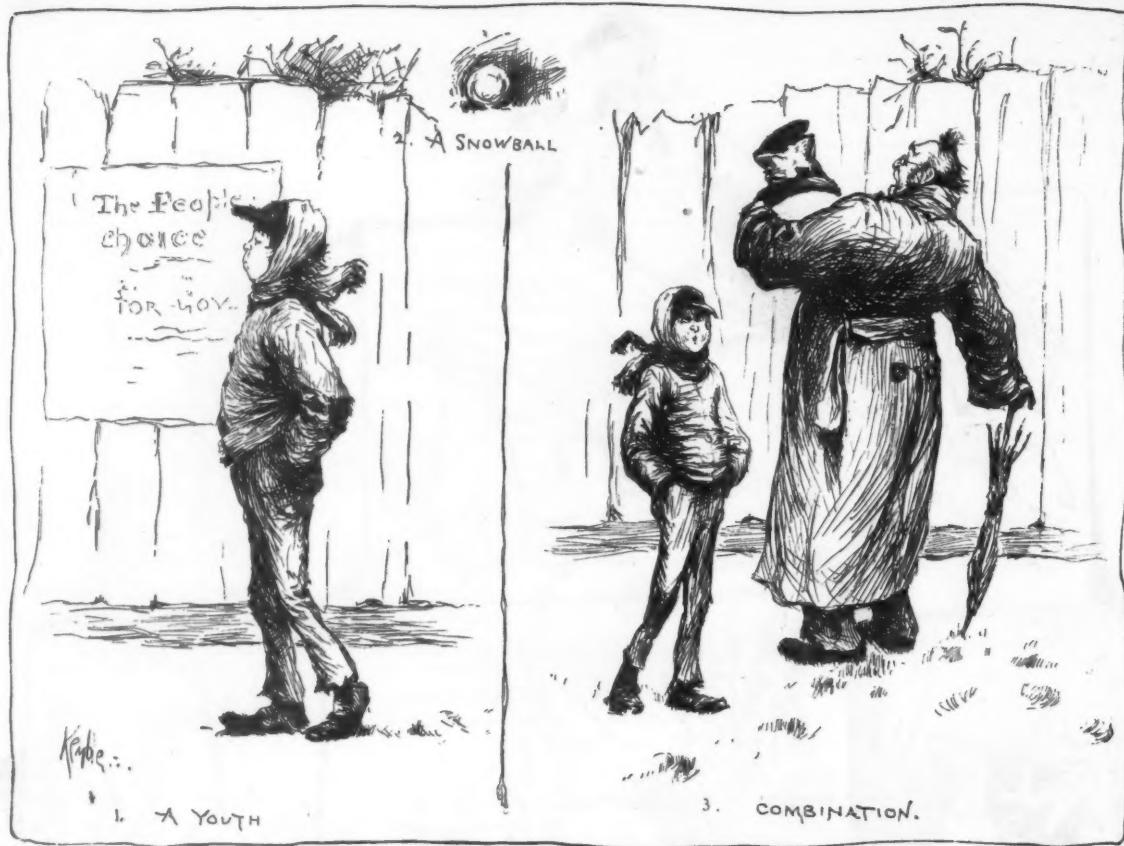
Still, I hope this gentle maiden,
With such erudition laden
And so eminently fitted with philosophers to cope,
Yet may manage to discover
Something worthy in a lover
All intent upon the making of a merchantable soap.

ACCORDING to the doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest, the last man will undoubtedly be a tailor.

HAPPINESS is possible until fifteen; Contentment is our god until five-and-twenty; and after that let us pray for resignation.



MY FIRST AND ONLY RIDING EXPERIENCE.



COMBINATION NO. 3.

FROM THE REVISED DICTIONARY

HUNGER (Germ., *Hunger*; Fr., *Faim*).—An epidemic disease, found chiefly in large cities. Of extreme antiquity, being mentioned in the Bible, the Rig-Veda and other ancient authorities. Its symptoms are a white or yellow skin, dark circles around the eyes, falling in at the waist and the development of an insatiable appetite. The disease is corrosive and frequently attacks the legs and seats of trowsers and the collar, sleeves and buttons of shirts, vests and coats. In such cases it is generally incurable.

Certain vocations are more often attacked by the complaint than others. Priests, ministers, aldermen, congressmen and Presidential candidates enjoy a remarkable immunity from its ravages. Editors are never known to have it, while poets suffer from it exceedingly. Lawyers contract it at times, while with painters, dudes, free-lunch fiends and tramps it is chronic.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage and Prof. John B. Gough state that under certain conditions it is of spontaneous generation. In several cases the habitual use of matutinal cocktails, or of

the deadly milk punch, or of hard cider, or of Jersey Apple-Jack, have been known to produce it in aggravated form.

A common error is that it is sometimes preceded by insolvency or bankruptcy. This is absolutely untrue.

REMEDY.—Diet, fresh air and exercise. Pickles and toothpicks should be sedulously avoided. Cut plug and stale beer are recommended by Milesian and Neapolitan experts, but are of little or no benefit. Several nostrums are in the market, put up by an organization known as "The Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor." They are utterly devoid of virtue. Several ecclesiastical associations are endeavoring to stamp out the disease, but they have thus far made no progress whatever.

THE Fireman's Annihilator is properly called a fire-escape. For the moment a fireman ventures on one of them he is sure to escape death by fire in a way more promptly and with far less pain. The question naturally arises whether the inventors of these humane instruments will in the hereafter be so fortunate.

A TIME-PIECE—Every hour.



POLICEMAN: "Have you a permit to play here?" **Organ Grinder**: "No, but it amuses the little ones so much." **Policeman**: "Then you will have the goodness to accompany me." **Organ grinder**: "Very well, sir; what do you wish to sing?" — *Fliegende Blätter.*

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR REPOSE.

AT a country hotel:

A traveller retires to his room, leaving word that he is to be called for an early train.

In the morning he is aroused from a sweet sleep by the porter knocking vehemently at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Are you the gentleman that was to be called for the 5.15 train?"

"Yes. All right."

"Then you can go to sleep again, sir; the train's gone!" — *French Fun.*

IMPRATICABLE.

JUDGE (*to witness*): "Repeat the prisoner's statement to you, exactly in his own words. Now, what did he say?"

Witness: "My Lord, he said he stole the pig — ."

Judge: "Impossible! He could n't have used the third person."

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Witness: "My Lord, There was no third person!"
Judge: "Nonsense! I suppose you mean that he said, 'I stole the pig'!"

Witness (shocked): "Oh, My Lord! He never mentioned your Lordship's name!"
[Dismissed ignominiously! — *Punch.*

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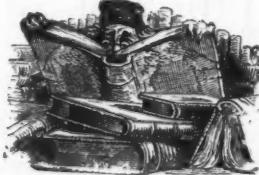
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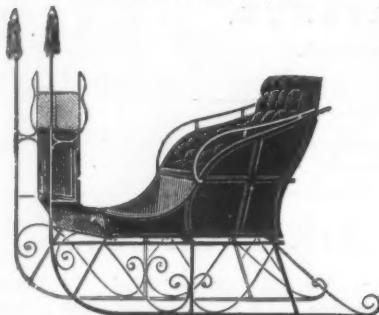
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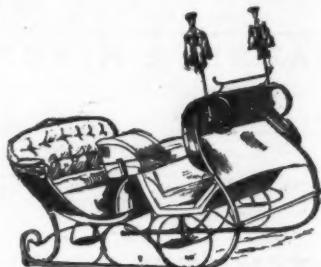
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